THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
SEPTEMBER 26 1928
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I NUMBER 33

CIRCUS

All aboard for the Carmel Circus! Carmel's annual big day comes off this Saturday in the city lot up on Ocean Avenue. The Boy Scouts are doing it this year, a good deed with a vengeance. Many and varied are the events scheduled; a grand pie-eating contest, with the twelve pies donated by the bakeries of Carmel, nice juicy berry pies, rich cocoanut pies. Oh boy! the entry lists are crowded already! Then there will be trick jumping by trained horses, a balancing act by Freddy Ammerman and his brother; clowns, monkeys, and wild animals of every description.

The parade will start from the Circus Grounds at two P.M. sharp, headed by Hal Busey as Grand Marshal. Following him will come our own Gus, with three traffic cops as escort (lest Gus's horse get away from him) and then the long colorful line of animals, circus folk, and **TWO** bands winding down Ocean Avenue, which will be decorated with bunting and the admiring populace. There will be candy, ice-cream, balloons, peanuts, and all the fixin's which will be sold under the direction of Willard Whitney.

This is our very own Circus, our Annual big day, so let's all get out and have a fine time, and incidentally help the Boy Scout exchequer. Let's Go!

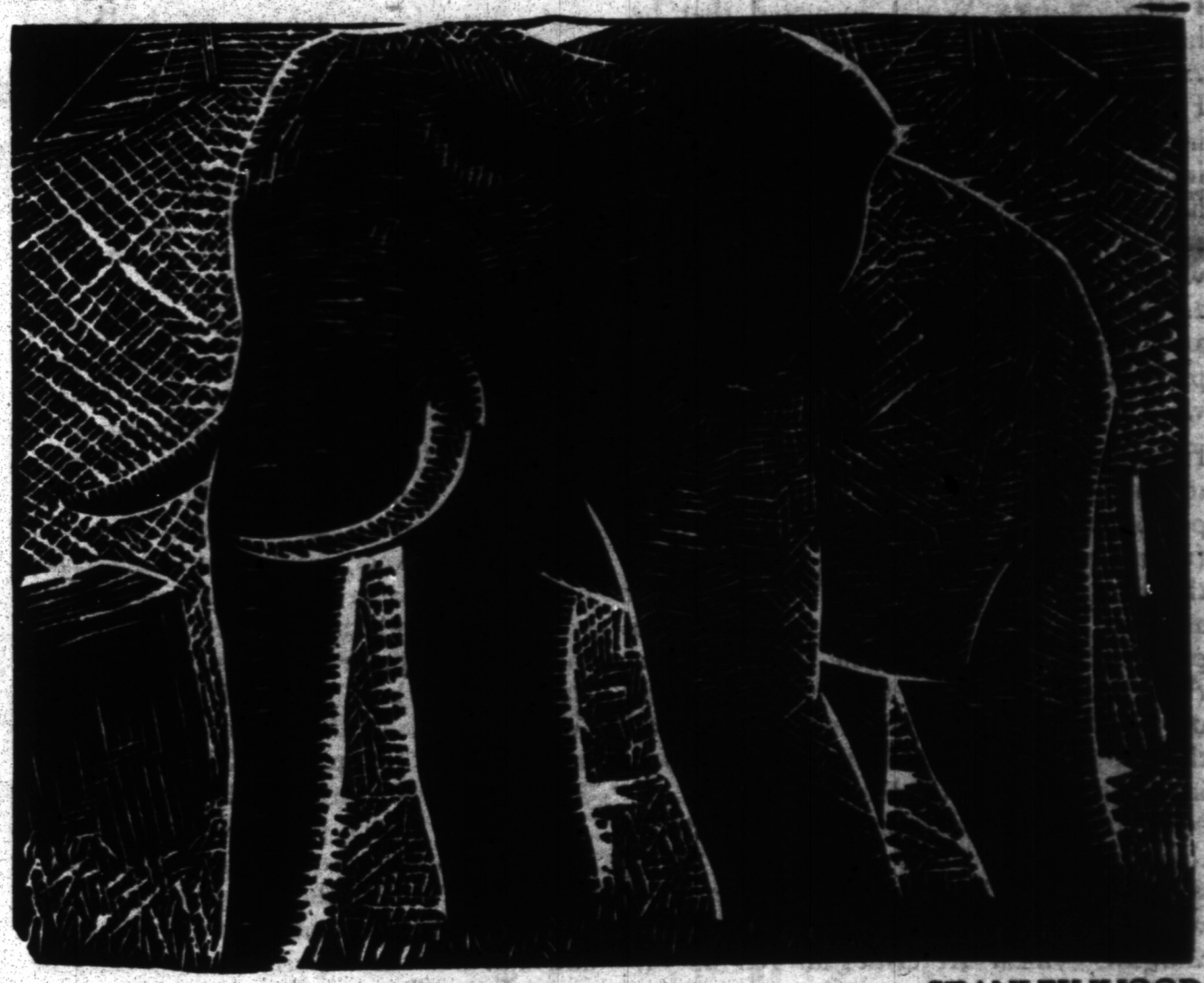
STANLEY WOOD—HIS WORK AND OTHER THINGS

By Laura Bride Powers

"Would I write something about Stanley Wood's work?" I would. I'd get back at him.

It was like this: Casa Junipero needed a sign. No numbers, nothing, to tell friends of friends' friends from San Francisco where to find my house, that they might use it for a private bath house on the weekend peregrination. "So," says I, "I'll ask Stan to paint one." Meeting him at the library when the idea was young and forceful, I spilled it. With that Stanley-woodish look that we all have come to know, he pinioned me with, "No time. Can't paint one for myself. Been trying to for six months. Get Friedrichsen." And off he went, leaving me cold where I stood. Social error? Well, in

CIRCUS



MADE FOR THE CARMELITE by STANLEY WOOD

extenuation, there was the precedent of "Marty"—Xavier Martinez, Aztec Bohemian with the ebon lock and flowing tie, and a painter who had "rung the bell" in Paris as well as in Old San Francisco—painting Marquette whiskey signs on the side of a ten story building in old San Francisco, loved "City that was." And that was when the town WAS an art-loving town—when art was everybody's business. But with slumps, of course, here and there. And it was in one of these temporary periods of depression that "Marty" was moved to depict Pere Marquette, in a little round hat, doing something in a big kettle by the side of a river, distilling probably, (advertisers do take liberties) and none of us ever did know how much he got for it—whether trade or cash, or both. But in any case, was it any worse for "Marty" to be asked to paint said details for a consideration, than to ask Stanley to do a little harmless (dry) sign for Casa Junipero? Not so alluring, either in text or promise? Granted! But then there were other facts in the case. Which, to even the score, I don't mind telling.

In May, '22, when in a period of temporary aberration, I was equipping a gallery in San Francisco, where achieving artists and the art-hungry could be contacted, without, of course, the foul touch of commerce, there slipped into the gallery-court, in the midst of carpenters, painters, and much impediments, a shy, blond young man with a bunch of sketches under his arm. "Would I look at them?" That was the last thing I wanted to do at that moment; but there was an earnest look in his eye, and so modest a manner that there was nothing to do but to lay down hammer, paste and nails, and look. Modesty, by the way, is not a conspicuous quality in persons who have nothing to show but paint and canvas. "Well, here," said I audibly, "IS a young painter, by grace of God—if he'll work." And the sight of his sketches—many experiments in his own backyard down by

the Palace of Fine Arts—were a pick-up, not unlike a highball at five. Singing, vibrant, some jewel-like in their brilliancy, a cold tone snapped in beside a rich, warm color, with the directness and sureness of one who knows where he's going.

The first questions in the mind of the hard-boiled art critic, who on good weeks runs across a dozen or more "finds"—with, alas, having nothing more than a DESIRE to paint or sculp—are: What preparation has this young person for his work? What is his attitude toward work? Is he humble before his problem? Is he willing to pass through Gethsemane to attain his goal? What has God given him to justify his ambition?

Firstly, Stanley Wood answered that he had taken his training in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts for an architect. Four years of rigorous, if academic, training. Here was discipline, a trained mind, inured to the basic principles that underlie art in all its forms. "That's good," said I. "Now, how hard can—will—you work?" Stanley is not a good promiser, as you probably know. But the weeks and months that followed showed him a performer. And it's the performer that wins the race.

His modest things were shown with glee to those San Franciscans with taste and perspicacity enough to appreciate the freshness of his work and the faith of the new-comer in what he wanted to do and be, among them a number of the progressive artists of the bay colony. And then I saw no more of his work until '26, when he gave an exhibition at the Santa Barbara Art Gallery in El Paseo in conjunction with Russell Cheney of New York and California. Incidentally they were both fresh from New York, where they had had a noble experience with the wary, Big Town picture buyer and the cynical art critic, all fed up on passing shows—shows with nothing to say, or shows made up of merchandise—"in the style," forsooth, painted to sell.

The reviews of that show, to say it restrainedly, "made" the work of the young Californian. Mr. Cheney's work was not new to the New York art public, and is usually well received. So well that he always sells his best things in his allotted two weeks—very often to Yale men, who hold a kinship for the work of their old classmate. And incidentally many of Stanley's things hang in the homes of Yale men. Coming to see Russell Cheney's newest records of his European stay—in the south of Italy, mostly—they remained to study, then buy the Californian's aquarelles that sang—painted *con amore*. Without formula, but soundly based. "Significant form," trite terminology, but expressive, lies back of young Wood's head, when he makes a mental picture of what he wants to say. That is what a sound preliminary training and education do for a painter—to all who essay the arts, it matters not which. A man can paint no bigger than he is. Nor can he write, nor give us music.

Carmel News

CARMEL BOY KILLED IN FLYING ACCIDENT

Carmel and the Peninsula received a great shock this week in the death of Jack Mulgardt. On Sunday afternoon he was up in an airplane with William Cromwell of the Monterey Fire Department, to whom he was giving a lesson in piloting. Friends to whom he had been waving heard the engine stop and saw the plane suddenly drop like a stone about a hundred feet and crash in a field near the Carmel Mission. The boy was instantly killed. Cromwell is at present in the Carmel hospital, his spinal cord broken, but latest reports state that there are chances for his recovery.

Jack Mulgardt was twenty-one. Son of Louis Christian Mulgardt, a well known architect, of San Francisco, and Consultant for the Panama Pacific Exposition of 1915, and Mrs. Mulgardt, who at the time of the accident was in Chicago. The boy had lived in Carmel ever since he was in knickers, and was universally liked. His charm had made him popular with his friends and College mates and then his excellent acting on the amateur stage made him admired by a large audience all over the Peninsula. He had played in "Saturday's Children" and "The Barker," starred with By Ford in "Is Zat So," which play gave rise to much discussion about the excellent impersonation of the bum-butler-ring manager. He also had a small part in "Seventh Heaven," and had been to a party for the cast the night before the accident. Mulgardt has been a member of the Abalone League for years.

He and his brother Alex had been designing a private plane for Harry Wyckoff of Monterey, and Jack, with his angle of the work finished, was planning to come back to Carmel to live. A member of the '29 class at U. C. the boy gave up College because "it bored him"; his scholastic record was excellent and he was a member of the swimming team, but he wanted something more adventurous, and so he learned flying and became a naval reserve pilot.

On Sunday he and Cromwell had taken an old Army plane, a cut-down Jenny; the engine had been missing off and on all afternoon when it suddenly cut out and stopped. His friends looking up from the house of Professor Boke on Santa Lucia, saw Jack grab the "stick" but it was too late. In fifteen seconds the plane was wreckage in a field.

These airplane accidents take the self-picked men, the courageous, gifted, balanced, skilled, coordinated, people: who are brilliant in other fields too, as the short dramatic career of Mulgardt showed he was. Someone said the great gift of Lindbergh was as a navigator. These boys are exceptional; they want to do it; they are playing with their lives for a new asset to civilization. They are swallowed; we gain.

But the individual losses can not be made up to us. As in the war, it is the best that go. Jack Mulgardt will be long remembered as the gay, laughing, charming, gifted courageous boy he was.

The funeral of Jack Mulgardt was held on Tuesday at 11 a.m. First the Service at All Saints, the Rev. Austin Chinn officiating, then the long train of friends, with the father and brother, and the dead boy's fraternity brothers wound over the hill to the Monterey Cemetery where he was interred.

THE CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

The Carmel Woman's Club is starting its winter meetings next week. The first is a luncheon at Pine Inn on October first at which the Speaker of Honor will be Mrs. Ednah Aiken, author of "Love and I," a recently published successful novel. At 2:30 p.m. Mrs. M. D. Harris will speak on Pacific Relations. Mrs. Harris recently attended the meetings at Honolulu.

The object of the Club is to bring about the solidarity of the women of Carmel, to foster community spirit, and to promote the civic, cultural, artistic and social ideals of the community.

There are seven sections; Books, Art, Music, Current Events, Garden, Bridge, and International Relations, each under a different Chairman. Membership is open to all at an annual membership fee of $4.00.

A very interesting program is being arranged. In addition to the above speakers, Miss Josephine G. Seaman, State Chairman of the Federated Extension has been secured; Mrs. Henry Francis Grady, organizer of the Institute of International Relations at Berkeley and Vice President of the Women's City Club of that town; and Dr. Mariana Bertola, ex-President of the State Federation and State Chairman of the Department of Public Welfare. Mrs. Grady is an old friend of Miss Alice MacGowan and of Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, who worked as Secretary to Mr. Grady in London when he held the post of Assistant Commercial Attache at the American Embassy (in 1919). Mrs. Steffens tells us that this was her first job after she left College and she spent many happy evenings with the Gradys in their London flat.

The Club holds evening meetings, the Bridge Section, the Art Section and the Forum having its meetings after dark. The Art section gives lantern slide lectures and the Forum holds meetings and debates. It is hoped that members and prospective members will attend in force, on the first.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

By one of the governed.

The teacher announced that there would be a nomination for officers of the student body organization. Student Body Organization? What in the world was that? Oh well, I'd know soon. Monday at 11:30 A.M. When the time came we went wonderingly to the assembly hall. A hush fell over the room as Mr. Bardarson rose. He discussed the purpose of the organization, the future, and the great hopes he had for it. Afterwards he called for nominations. I rose quakingly to my feet and nominated a vice-president but my voice trembled and I felt very queer when I got through. What a buzz there was when the meeting was over. Everybody was intensely interested. They rushed to their rooms and made posters. Then they pinned them on the class bulletin boards. Everything was topsy-turvy. At noon they almost forgot to eat (which is very unusual) they were so excited thinking about the wonderful opportunity ahead of them.

—Blanche Lallis—7th grade.

MUSIC SOCIETY TO MEET

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Carmel Music Society has been called for next Monday, October 1st at 8:30 at the Denny and Watrous studio on North Dolores Street.

MAYOR'S PROCLAMATION FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

OCTOBER 7th to 13th

The above dates have been designated as Fire Prevention Week throughout America. And as the citizens of Carmel-by-the-sea are so familiar with the destructiveness of fire, I think we should take notice of the occasion.

The year of 1926 recorded the greatest fire waste ever known in the United States. More than fifteen thousand persons were burned to death and a vastly larger number crippled by fire, with a property loss of $560,000,000. It is well known that carelessness and ignorance of fire hazards go hand in hand with the chief causes our fire waste. You will be interested to know, of course the causes of most of the fires we have. Three-fourths of them come from carelessness, and these are some of the things that cause them:

Matches and Smoking, Electricity, Defective chimneys and flues, Hot ashes and coals, Spontaneous combustion, rubbish, Sparks on roof.

Burning brush, pine-needles, grass and rubbish is also dangerous. Obtain a permit, before burning and comply with the provisions as set forth in the permit.

Please observe these dont's:

Don't smoke in garage or filling station. Don't be careless with your cigar and cigarette stubs. Don't leave current on electric iron. Don't store oily rags or waste used in polishing, burn them.

Fire waste is not paid by Insurance Companies: they only distribute the money that is paid by the people when they buy merchandise. The cost of Fire Tax is concealed in the price of the goods. If we use precaution and teach our boys and girls the hazards of fire it won't be long until the fires will be reduced to a minimum.

Respectfully,
Ross E. Bonham, Mayor
City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

THE SEARCH SEMINARS

Following the gratifying interest in last season's ten evenings on the Classical Foundations of Grecian and Roman Civilizations, Preston W. Search will continue this year his fortnightly discussions, purely as community offerings, taking up, as special theme, "THE CITIES THAT GAVE THE WORLD ITS CULTURE." The seminars will be held in the Search home, corner of 13th avenue and Casanova street, on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, at 8 o'clock. No formal invitations are issued; but those wishing to attend are requested to write or phone (Carmel 145 R.) Enrollment is necessarily limited to twenty-five.

The immediate series of six evenings beginning October 9, will be devoted to: "Florence, the City of the Renaissance and Alma Mater of Modern Culture."

GHOSTS IN ANNIE LAURIE'S HOUSE

Annie Laurie came speeding into Carmel last Sunday morning to rest a bit in her house down on the poet's point. Mr. Sidney Robertson drove with her as a guest for a day. He is an attorney, but he was once a newspaperman. Annie Laurie thought that he and she together might lay the ghost that has been letting and collecting rent for her house without her knowledge and consent, and perhaps also the other ghost or ghosts that have haunted said house. They did not exactly weep or rage; they laughed about the wrong done, but, then, Annie Laurie laughs easily. It rests her, apparently, and Sidney Robertson was associated with our fellow townsman, Mr. John Catlin, in the practice of the law—long enough to take wrongs aright; without righting them too much or too earnestly.

In other words this combination of law and press did not solve the mystery of the rented house.

Margery and Nancy Davis are in Carmel for two months and have taken the Winslow Cottage on Dolores. Nancy is studying painting with Armin Hansen, and Margery Davis, who has been on the staff of Time in New York and has done book reviews for the Herald Tribune, the New York Times and other papers, will be working on the Carmelite. One of her book reviews appeared last week.

TWO WELL-KNOWN CARMEL RESIDENTS TO WED

The marriage of Edward Gerhard Kuster, long resident in Carmel, and builder and owner of the Golden Bough Theatre, to Mrs. Gabrielle Newby, daughter of Mrs. Mary Young-Hunter, is announced to take place in England early in the New Year.

In these bald words we are informed of an event the news of which will be received with pleasure by the many friends of both in Carmel. Mr. Kuster, who married Una Call (now Mrs. Robinson Jeffers) when both were students of California, is owner of the large stone house on the Point which all Carmel visitors notice. He is going to Europe shortly, first to Vienna, then to Germany, Russia and later Paris and England, to study modern methods of theatre production and select modern plays to produce in his theatre if Carmel is interested enough to keep it open.

Gabrielle Newby has lived in Carmel for some years. Her mother is an Englishwoman and an artist, long resident in Carmel. She has a small son three and a half, by a former marriage. Mrs. Newby is leaving soon for New York and crossing to England to meet Mr. Kuster later in the fall.

The couple plan to return to Carmel in the spring of 1930.

Dane Rudhyar has just arrived in Carmel for a short visit at the beginning of a lecture tour which is to take him across the continent. He will give a lecture-recital at the residence of Miss Laura Dierssen, Kluegel cottage, San Antonio and Ocean, on Thursday, Sept. 27th (admission one dollar). In this talk he will show how, by a true interpretation of the act of tone-utterance, a new attitude to music will be created, and a new significance given to music as an essential factor in life.

* * * *

Fremont Older drove down again last week end for a day.

* * * *

Johan Hagemeyer is giving up his Carmel studio at the end of this month and going back to San Francisco, where he works all winter.

* * * *

Lincoln Steffens lectured on Monday to the Kiwanis Club of Palo Alto, on "American Keys to Foreign Affairs." Several members of the Stanford Faculty were present.

* * * *

Sidney P. Robertson, attorney of San Francisco, came through Carmel last Sunday, bought a Carmelite, and became a subscriber and contributor.

* * * *

Roger Sturtevant has left for Oregon and Idaho, on a three weeks' trip to the logging camps where he is to photograph caterpillar tractors. The company like the work of this young California photographer so well that they are sending him rather than find someone nearer.

The Theatre . . .

"SEVENTH HEAVEN"

"Seventh Heaven" opened at the Carmel Playhouse on Saturday night and rarely have we seen a play run off so smothly, without a single hitch in the lines or action.

Stan Babcock gave us some very fine acting as Chico, but somehow we feel that he was miscast as a buoyant young Frenchman.

In the first act, his argument on the lack of a "Bon Dieu" was impressive, yet his gesturing was over-emphasized, and his speech a bit loud. Like some tenors who don't open up until the second act, Babcock brought forth his best at the close of the second act. The audience was in a state of breathless suspense during Chico's marriage to Diane. For sincerity of endeavour and a more than earnest effort to give us the best Chico he could have done Stan Babcock deserves a large slice of credit.

Jadwiga Noskowiak's Diane was excellent, a futile adjective to apply to acting. Her performance seemed to spur the others on to do their best, there was a spiritual air about Diane that is hard to describe, an air that very successfully transported us from the realm of reality.

Boul, the taxi driver, was ably handled by Francis Whitaker; although the part might have been played by an older and more rotund man. Nevertheless, Boul's description of the tragic end of Eloise would be hard to duplicate for sheer comedy.

Marion Todd played the part of Nana the absinthe-drugged sister of Diane. One of these days Marion is going to be given a part which the audience will not figuratively hiss at, and then her acting will be more appreciated. There was a husky sinister quality to her voice that made one feel quite "creepy."

Sonia Noskowiak made her first appearance with the league as Arlette, a cute, tough little "wench."

George Ball gave a very sympathetic rendition of Colonel Brissac; his excellent speaking voice strikes our ear very pleasantly.

Jovial Gene Watson played Pere Chevillon adequately, while Hally Pomeroy, "Chuc" Chadsey, Elliot Durham, and Jimmy Dignan had small parts, and lastly Vic Renslow as The Rat, a masterpiece of costuming and get up.

The sets should come in for mention, both being thoroughly Parisian in atmosphere; the work of Homer Emens. "Eloise" of course, as temperamental and as comical as if human.

One can always feel that the League puts forth their best, a best which should and does stack up marvelously with professional work. It is always a safe bet that an evening at the Carmel Playhouse will be time well spent. —H. L.

GOLD FOR THE GOLDEN BOUGH

In spite of all that has been written, in all the local papers, it appears that many people are still under a misapprehension about the arrangements for the Golden Bough.

Unless $3000 dollars can be collected before the middle of October, this Theatre will be closed and remain closed, not only for plays, but for concerts, recitals, lectures, debates, discussions, meetings. No such greeting as that tendered Jane Addams could be held; none of the activitics of the Carmel Music Society could be carried on in the Golden Bough; no strange dancers, no Follies, no Gala performances; the Theatre will be closed for one and every purpose whatsoever, unless the money is forthcoming.

And the three thousand dollars are not a subsidy, not a gift, not a loan. Not charity, nor donation, nor waste of money. The six dollars that each of 500 persons is asked to pay will let him in to FOUR performances of plays during the season, and he can choose his four out of a total offering of seven plays. The six dollars are therefore nothing but a payment in advance for the seats which would be paid for anyhow at the time. It is simply a matter of asking you to pay IN ADVANCE; without this guarantee the theatre management cannot continue.

All the good German and Austrian theatres are subsidized by the State. Little Theatres all over this and other countries are subsidized. The Theatre of the Golden Bough does not ask for a subsidy; all it asks for is the guarantee that five hundred of the thousands of people on this Peninsula will pay for four tickets in advance (and the tickets are transferable) for the Summer season next year.

Two hundred of the five hundred subscriptions are already in. Three hundred more are needed, and that is all.

The objection is sometimes raised that the plays presented at the Golden Bough "are so gloomy." This contention can best be answered by a few figures:

"In four years and three months fifty-two full-length plays were presented, an average of one each month.

"Twenty-one plays were comedies, nine were tragedies, and the remaining twenty-two included comedy-drama, melodrama, fantasy, and straight drama of various degree of seriousness."

STATEMENT OF EDWARD KUSTER

Edward Kuster reports that the Golden Bough season ticket campaign is making slow progress. He says, "After expending a couple of hundred dollars on publicity as well as several weeks of valuable time, I can report only two hundred and ten season ticket purchases to date. At least five hundred are necessary to make it possible to carry out my tentative arrangements with the Pasadena Community Playhouse, San Francisco Players Guild and other groups for productions at the Golden Bough during my absence.

"If the necessary number of subscriptions is not in hand by October first the plan will be abandoned and all money refunded. In that case I will be faced with the alternative of not reopening the house or of arranging for its occupation by commercial interests during my absence, an opportunity offered me again and again in the past four years but formerly consistently declined."

Only
Four More Nights

7th HEAVEN

"—rarely have we seen a play run off so smothly—"
"H. L." in the Carmelite.

Carmel Playhouse
Abalone League Theatre
Tickets at Stanifords Carmel 150

GOLDEN STATE
Telephone: MONTEREY 1900

Wednesday, Sept. 26th
"LOVE HUNGRY"
with LOIS MORAN
ON THE STAGE AT 4, 7 and 9:30
NAT HOLT'S COMEDIANS

Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 27th and 28th
COLLEEN MOORE in
"HAPPINESS AHEAD"

Saturday, Sept. 29th
"THE GIRL FROM CHICAGO"

Sunday, Sept. 30th
"SQUARE CROOKS"
On the stage: 5 ACTS OF
GOLDEN STATE VAUDEVILLE

Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 1st, 2nd
WILLIAM HAINES in
"TELLING THE WORLD"

E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

A NEW PROFESSION HERE

An interesting office has been opened in Carmel this week, interesting both for its personnel and its significance. Two people have seen the future of this region and are helping to plan it intelligently rather than let it grow haphazard. They are Mrs. Jane Todd of Monterey and Mrs. Helen Deusner of Carmel and they have started a landscape architect's office in La Giralda building. It is a field as yet barely touched on the Peninsula.

Both women have extraordinarily good qualifications for their work. Mrs. Todd who was born in Scotland, travelled early and studied gardens in Italy, Germany, Great Britain and Southern France. She had always "a steep singleness of passion" for gardening. After seventeen years in the Argentine and a return trip to England for the education of her five children, Mrs. Todd bought a 2000 acre cattle ranch in the Corral di Tierra, and after that she owned Rollo Peters' studio and 27-acre grounds in Monterey. Monterey people have been taking their gardening problems to her for many years and she has been giving them informal advice, till now at last she has entered the professional field, and a wider public will be able to take advantage of her unrivalled knowledge of trees and plants and habits of growth and the horticultural peculiarities of this region.

Mrs. Helen Deusner who is also President of the P. T. A. for the coming year has been engaged in the profession for some twenty years. As soon as she graduated from Smith College she went into a landscape architect's office in Chicago where she was the only woman among ten men. She came travelling to California one summer and Myron Hunt the architect persuaded her to come back and practice in Southern California. She has landscaped many big gardens in Pasadena including the Maxwell Garden, and a five acre tract in the Ojai Valley, as well as the Little Town Club in Santa Barbara.

During the war Helen Deusner raised bella donna as the importation was cut off from Europe. She had 7 acres under cultivation and she dried and baled it and sent it to the manufacturing chemists. The price had jumped from 35c to $3 a pound for the dried leaves, and the job would have been a lucrative one, had not three quarters of the crop failed each year owing to the cold wet Illinois winter.

Following a talk recently to the Palo Alto Garden Club, Mrs. Deusner was given two commissions for gardens in the San Mateo region, and will spend part of her time in that other Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James of Carmel Highlands left this morning for Kansas City. They will not return till next summer.

If I lived at the Highlands I'd feel I had to wear purple breeches and speak blank verse all the time.

Grade A Raw Milk....

from Tuberculin Tested Guernsey and Holstein Cows

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Telephone 65-W

DELICIOUS!
PINEAPPLE FUDGE
If you taste it, you will not be without it. Half pound boxes at 50c
Stuffed prunes, chocolate covered at $1.25 the pound
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Our new STEAMETTE is the latest appliance for treating the scalp. It also perfects facials.

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Pete says a broken leg is worth while if you have one of .. .. ..

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Comstock Cottage— Fifth and Santa Fe
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There's a reason for trading at—

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Carmel is a kids' town!

Let them grow healthy and fat on pasteurized grade A milk, cream, butter and eggs

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JANE TODD
HELEN DEUSNER

Landscape Gardeners

Announce the removal of their office fram El Paseo building to La Giralda building, (Dolores and 7th.)

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

P. O. Box 2000 *Telephone 750*

CHINESE ART

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The Youngest Set

Dick's teacher said to bring a vegetable or a piece of fruit for the next drawing lesson.

Instead of consulting his mother he went to headquarters. "Mr. Leidig, would you please lend me a carrot?" ....

The amused storekeeper complied. After school the little fellow reappeared faithfully.

"Here's your carrot, Mr. Leidig, and thank you very much."

* * * *

"Mother, I thought it was against the law to swear at the judge."

"Yes of course it is, darling. What put that into your little head?"

"Well, when you get married you have to swear at the judge don't you?"

* * * *

Adoring father: "Son, I love you too much; I've got to stop it."

Small son: "I love you too much, too, Papa, but I like it."

* * * *

Small boy who had recently broken his leg, telling the story of Jack the Giant Killer: "And Jack climbed fast down the beanstalk and he called to his mama for an axe and he cut the beanstalk down and the giant tumbled down and broke his leg."

* * * *

M: (to Mother who has just returned from Parent-Teachers meeting): "Mother, are they going to use that sixty dollars we gave them from the Tip-Top Club for a moving picture machine?"

Mother: "Yes, isn't it nice; the Trustees are going to add to it, and..."

M: "Well, we want it back. We've decided. They'll just go and get movies about 'The Care of the Teeth,' and then make us write compositions about them! So we want it back..."

Mother: "What will you do with it then?"

M: "Well...we thought maybe...a picnic would be nice..."

* * * *

Shim Newby, aged 3 ½, having refused with many "I won'ts" and "I'm too littles" to say politely, "May I please be excused?" before dashing headlong from table to beloved dredger, and being required for The Third and Last Time to be thus polite, says, "But doze iss only words, Mama!"

* * * *

Junior Merrell (8) who is in the seventh grade at Del Monte Military Academy, has been awarded the second honor medal in the school with an average of 96 and a half. Young Merrell shows signs of becoming a mathematical genius.

* * * *

John Todd is nearly three. But he has already several other selves. He has a woman" who lives over the Santa Lucia hills (pleasantly vague her actual address

is). He has a brother who lives in San Jose, and his brother has a wife. Perhaps it is as well these near relatives are not of flesh and blood. John doesn't think much of actual relatives. "You're not my daddy" he said to Rafe the other day. "This is my daddy." and he pulled by the sleeve Professor Boke, his granddad.

* * * *

Mary Barderwick (2) doesn't hold with relative laws either. Pointing to small Rosemary, the baby, (6 months) Mary's mother asked:
"And who is this, Mary?"
"That's Mary Number Two" answered Mary.

* * * *

Little manual training enthusiast as he prepared to leave for the shop remarked, "Oh, but I am glad this is mineral training day."

AND CARMEL HAS IT

This call is addressed to organizations and individuals in the bay district interested in non-professional productions of the drama, music and dancing.

There has long been need in San Francisco for a theatre of moderate size, having well equipped stage facilities which might be available for brief engagements of one or more nights. As an initial step toward the ultimate fulfilment of this need, the undersigned are calling an open meeting to be held at four o'clock, September 20, 1928, at the Hotel Whitcomb.

Plans now under consideration call for no expense on the part of the various organizations other than a rental on the dates when the theatre is in use by a particular group. You and the members of your group are cordially invited to attend this meeting. Your presence will indicate your interest in the solving of what has become an acute community problem.

(Signed)
Mrs. D. E. F. Easton,
Mrs. Helen Lucille Holt,
Talma-Zetta Wilbur,
Baldwin McGaw.

Judging by the number of the signers of this appeal, we can advise them that they will need four play-houses. One will not be enough.

Mr. V. M. Bain, popular soloist of Carmel, has accepted the position of choir director for the Community Church during the fall and winter. This assures a high standard of music and a popular appeal at every service. All local residents who may be interested in singing in this choir under Mr. Bain's direction are invited to put in their names at an early date.

One of the best services of the year was held in the Community Church last Sabbath. Come this Sunday. The Rev. I. M. Terwilliger will speak concerning "The Church in Chains."

The Rummage Sale continues this week.

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Winter Rates to permanent guests. Effective Sept. 10th
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DINNER
CANDIES
ICE CREAM
Telephone: Carmel 204
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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA

Published weekly by Pauline G. Schindler at the Seven Arts Press in Carmel

Subscription rates, two dollars the year; foreign subscription, two dollars and a half: five cents the copy

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Editorials . . .

A KING FOR CARMEL

We beg leave to offer some advice for the safe-conduct of our next local art and social season. It can do no harm; advice is seldom taken; we doubt that we would pay any attention to our advice ourselves if, for example, the Pine Cone had thought of it first and brought it to us. But it is our idea, so it seems good and we put it out with parental pride if not with prophetic hope.

Our advice is that a dictator shall arise and be allowed to direct all our art and social activities, at least negatively. Let him buy himself a large calendar, with blanks for the dates, and then let all promoters of pleasures: plays, lectures, feasts, funerals, weddings, picnics, dances etc. etc. (including teas and dinners) go to him with their events as planned and ask him for dates; and having asked, abide by his decision. This to avoid coincidences, conflicts, hates and griefs. And this would be enough to start with; this would put the dictator in a position to improve and finally, of course, to abuse his power. This, in the hands of the only kind of a stinker that is fit for such a job, could easily be made the foundation of a throne upon which a Mussolini might seat himself as uncrowned king of art, fashion and morals in Carmel.

We, the earnest editors of this solemn sheet, we don't know the leading citizens of our community well enough to name the man or the woman who etc. We can describe him; it should be possible to characterize him so perfectly that the meanest of us could nominate the man. And meanness (in the horse sense) is the key to his character. He should, in brief, be a mean cuss. He should be so evilly disposed that he would be onto and enjoy the cussedness, the malice and the sufferings of the people he would have to deal with and of us also, the better sort of people that he would be voluntarily representing. He should have, not only courage; for this emergency he would require impudence, the nerve to understand and to act upon, the discovery of Mussolini: that a man cannot be elected king, that he must seize the throne, sit in it and sit on the democrats who think that they don't care for kings and sincerely believe that they, each one of the sovereign people, is the only one that should rule. He should, for Carmel, be a high-brow, in front, but behind, unnoticed, out of sight, he should have a rough-neck; for he must feel in his bones that most of us will be restive under his superimposed domination, unhappy in the peace he imposes and subject only to the emotion called variously fear, practicalness and wisdom. He must be intellectual enough to keep his hand from doing what his mouth is saying; to understand that what we really yearn for is the beau ideal of beauty and boldness; plays, pictures and shows beyond the power of artists to write down into words or pigments, but he must be intelligent enough to see with one eye (the other being closed in a wink) that this is altruism—it is for our neighbors. He has to see that what we will come out for ourselves at night to sit through is something that will lift the brow even of a high-brow and stroke the neck of a rough-neck. The commercial cunning of a practical money-maker like Bill Shakespeare he will need and the secret longings of a Hollywood director. He must be a politician reconciled (not without pleasure) to the disillusionment that while he cannot have the hearts and the souls of a majority, these don't matter; if he has the blind obedience of a small minority, the devotion of a gang, say, to a boss; if he have no scruples against the methods of rulers in all climes and times (except ours), he can get all that he wants and all that we need: the lip-service of the mob of us. When he sees and says that one theatre company is butting in on the date pledged to another, a worse company, and "advises" us, all good citizens, that it would be better for us and for the drama not to encourage disobedience, we will obey. We will not go to the show we know our boss wants to throw. And if we don't obey—Well, we will tell the boss then what to do then. We don't like openly, in print, to counsel what might look to a finicky lawyer like crime, but in private we are not afraid to tell any practical politician with power to protect us against justice just what is done in all Christian, civilized communities to enforce the brotherhood of man.

For the present it must suffice to admit that there may be grumblings, there may be open talk against such a dictatorship as we envisage; narrow opponents may even draw and shoot the truth at the dictatorship. The dictator may have bad spells and in the end be shot as historically happens to despots, but we of the Carmelite, are public spirited citizens out for the common good of the community as a whole and of art as a stream of life, and so we are thinking, not of the happiness of our hero-villain, but of ourselves, of Carmel, who and which, it seems to us, need a boss to follow and to hate in order that we may love one another and never have two good shows to go to on the same night.

* * * *

Carmel is right to behave like a great world centre in every way except in the fourth dimension of time. We should not forget that in population we do not compare with Paris and London. We can support several theatres and many schools of art; as we do; but not on one night. When we divide, the drama and the art we adore are lost.

* * * *

Salinas might wonder why we cannot concentrate voluntarily upon, say, one round-up, but Monterey and Pacific Grove could explain that there is such a thing as temperament and while Salinas might still not "get us," their unbroken bronchoes would understand.

—L. S.

Correspondence

Editor of the Carmelite

Dear Madam:

The many attempts to define art, which appeared in recent issues of the Carmelite, have provoked the writer until compelled to contribute the following:

One of the most stimulating books dealing with this subject is "Art" by Clive Bell. Probably no similar book has been absorbed with more interest nor accepted with such sincerity during recent years. The first pages of the book tell us that art is significant form and later we learn how significant form is art. Eventually we conclude art and significant form are synoyms. May we, therefore, for the sake of economy, replace the synonym "significant form" with the word Art and state the matter thus. Art is Art!

Possibly this deduction would tend to destroy the apparent value of this much discussed book; something which the writer is most anxious to avoid, for Bell has probably succeeded as well but no more satisfactorily in his attempt to define art as have those other aestheticians who have struggled with the problem since that time when the first man lived who wished he could be an artist, but discovered he lacked the talent.

The art impulse, like religious emotion, is an abstraction, definable by the individual only as a personal experience and lacking a universal element. Therefore it is subject to as many origins as there are artists.

Those wishing to test this statement may attempt a treatise on the subject. And those who are keen critics of their own efforts will doubtless end in watching while paper turns to yellow flame. For those who are keen readers of their own efforts will doubtless read that same reiterated statement: Art is Art.

Hoping you will find space for these words in some future issue of the Carmelite, I am

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN DAUME.

* * * *

MRS. EDDY VERSUS HER TEACHINGS

To the Editor of the Carmelite.

Dear Madam:

I am very glad of the opportunity, as a Christian Scientist, and a firm believer in Mrs. Eddy's writings, to give a reason for the failure of some of the practitioners to heal:

They are worshipping the person of Mrs. Eddy instead of doing the Master's work, as she instructed them. She especially warned her followers to follow her insofar as she followed Christ: unfortunately, there is a tendency on the part of some, to follow blindly instead of proving the truths for themselves; and this is doing harm to the cause.

St. Paul who warned against this, urged that we "prove all things," taking nothing for granted, but putting every truth to a practice test in our daily lives. This is just what Christian Science—the science of Christianity—offers us, a challenge to live the life of the Christ, to see if it is not the best way to be happy on this earth, and so each one should be their own practitioner.

Yours etc.

Ethel Williams Stevens

* * * *

To the editor of the Carmelite:

May I offer a corection of your paragraph on Mesmer in the Sept. 5th number of the Carmelite. Franz Mesmer, also called Friedrich Anton Mesmer, was not French. He was born in Ignanz, near Konstanz, in Germany. Mesmer was a more important person than your paragraph would imply. He was one of the forerunners of scientific hypnotism, although he made the mistake—still so common today—of translating psychological facts into physical facts. He died in 1815 in Meersburg, near Konstanz. This latter fact may be of interest to your readers, for the beautiful small city of Meersburg had aspirations similar to those of Carmel. Fritz Manthner, the famous author of a "critique of language" and of a history of atheism, lived there. So did Wilhelm von Scholz, the dramatist, who is the author of the play "The race with the shadow" which was produced in London several years ago.

* * * *

In 1909 the United States had only three miles of rural highway. Carmel pavers, please note.

THIS WEEK'S BOUQUETS

Your paper is the best thing West of the Rockies. —A Scientist.

* * * *

The Carmelite grows more and more interesting. I congratulate you. I'm glad it has come to stay. —A Judge.

* * * *

From a San Francisco business firm:

The contents of the Carmelite are interesting and the typography is excellent. Please accept our best wishes for its success.

* * * *

From a San Francisco artist:

Your paper has more of a genuine kick than anything I have read of its kind. But then, it of course reflects the atmosphere of your zippy community, which will sooner or later be the cause of my abandonment of this city for your magnetic environment.

* * * *

From a newspaper editor in San Francisco: "The Carmelite for September 19th arrived this morning, and the prosperous appearance of its advertising pages moves us to offer you our congratulations,—especially on El Paseo Court layout and the San Remo Development Co. 'smash' on the back page. Keep it up!"

* * * *

A wonderful little paper.—San Francisco Editor.

* * * *

From St. Louis reader:

You are good to send me the Carmelite which is artistically lovely and no doubt financially foolish. Few towns on earth could give you such a setting for a combination of village news and cosmic speculations—a Pacific Coast Concord, with famous residents and famous visitors. How I have wanted all my life to live in just such a place as I suppose Carmel to be!

* * * *

"I am wondering if you would be willing to send a copy of your paper 'The Carmelite' to the Palo Alto Public Library if we promised to keep it on file where the public would see it.

"I haye been much interested in the one or two copies I have seen and I am sure that it would be much appreciated by the people of Palo Alto who are so familiar with Carmel."

This Editorial comes to us from The Santa Cruz News:

CARMEL HAS A REASON

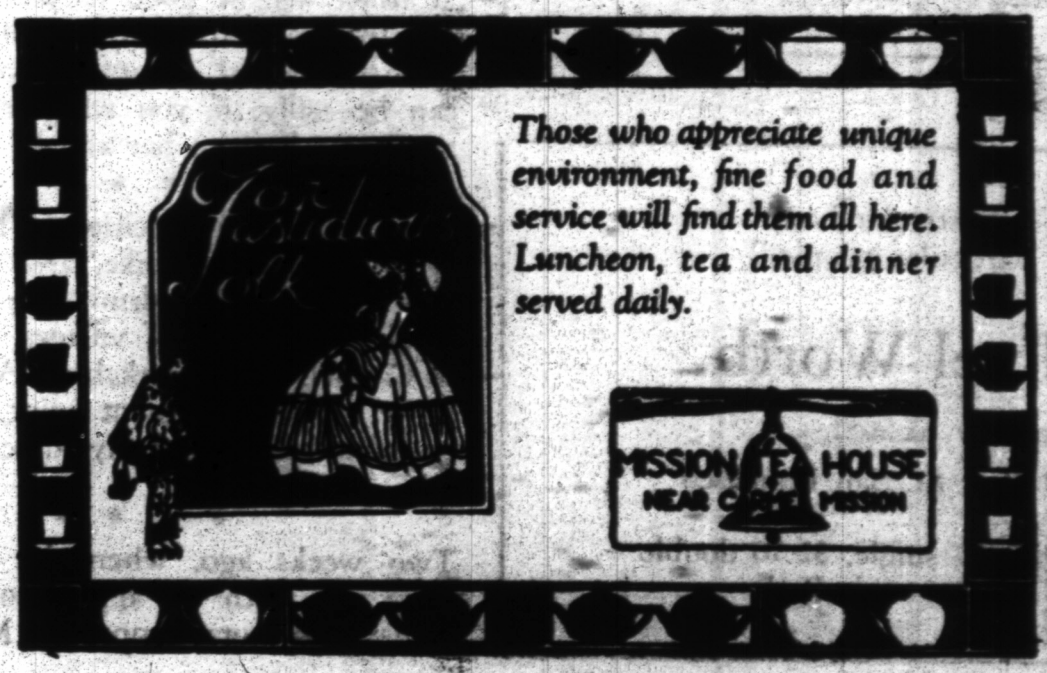
"Yesterday we spent a couple of hours looking over a town with a personality—the much discussed town of Carmel on Carmel bay, just a few minutes drive from Monterey, over the hill. We had seen Carmel before, once many years ago when it was a straggling village, and once or twice within the last five years when it began to take on a more thickly populated appearance, and yesterday when we began to realize that in Carmel, California has a rare gem of a town. We have joked about Carmel many times, as other Californians have done, but we saw enough yesterday to convince us that the town has a Spirit and an Ideal, that it knows exactly what it is doing in the way of its present growth and that it knows where it is heading and exactly what it wants for the future. The class of homes, their style and value, the predominant Spanish architectural touch which one sees in every direction, both in the business and residence districts, represent the heart and soul of the Carmel idea. There is more architectural beauty in one block of homes in the Carmel district and in the hills surrounding the town, than there is in the whole Santa Cruz area. The master minds of the trans-bay town are undoubtedly selling the idea of beauty and artistic finish to all of their newcomers, whether they are just business people or persons of means who desire to buy and live and spend in the community. The shops and stores are charming and attractive, and above all artistic. The theatres have an "air" not found in any other town.

"One may call Carmel queer if he likes. Apparently Carmel folks know how to be queer and why they are queer. They are turning their queerness into gold dollars."

Stinnes represented government of business by business for business.

* * * *

Of all the experiences of man our experience of consciousness is the most limited.



There's not much of it left

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Peter's Paragraphs

The seals on the rocks off Point Lobos have been barking lately, barking day and night. "Breeding time," said a spinster shyly, repeating no doubt what some man had told her. A businessman said they were clamoring for the salmon to run, a stage director thought they were rehearsing a play, a politician that they were discussing prohibition with the rum-runners, a child guessed that they simply "don't want to go to bed." Everybody read into the seals his own psychology, even a scientist, who said "We don't know just why seals bark at this season."

* * * *

A reporter we know used to go to any man whose character he wanted the key to and ask him about somebody else, on the theory that his explanation of that other would reveal himself. And it usually did. One man sounded would say everybody else was after money, another that ambition was the moving, steering force of all his neighbors. What wasn't true of these others would be true of the critic. We find that this works pretty well here in Carmel, whether we inquire about seals, friends, foes, or plain politics.

* * * *

A Carmel grandmother, an old timer here who has been up against life, hard, and stood the test, said the other day, "Oh, you writers and painters, you poets, artists and philosophers, you think you know Carmel, and some of you do sometimes get near the truth, but you don't really know this village as I do. You don't seem ever to see that Carmel is just a mother, a motherly village, that has good sons and daughters and—other sons and daughters, who to her are all sons and daughters. She mothers them all; all; of course; good and bad, they are all equally hers."

* * * *

The motherly grandmother paused a moment, as if for a reply, and when none came she gave us up. What could we understand? Where had we lived, and how? She threatened us. "Carmel has been good to me and mine," she said. "Carmel will be good to you if you get into trouble. And Carmel will let you get into trouble; as a mother would. You can be—silly, if you will, or—anything, and come back to her and be mothered."

* * * *

This is true of big cities. They let you go to hell, if you like, and will always give you one more drink or a meal and a laugh. It is rarer of villages; if it is true of Carmel, it is remarkable. And it seems to be. But the present point is that this grandmother was truly describing herself.

* * * *

Two weeks ago, when the Pine Cone came out with an appeal to contribute money and moral support to Mr. Kuster's plan for keeping the Golden Bough open this year, we wondered whether the old-timer who wrote that editorial was expressing knowledge of the town or merely himself. If Carmel is as handsome as the Pine Cone is in this matter, it is a town to live in and bring up children in.

* * * *

Some bad boys in our school, we heard one day, very bad boys; they had stolen property, and, listening further, we heard that they ought to be punished, and were not! Good, so far so very good. The Kids' Judge of Denver says that bad boys are not really bad; they are only very strong or very weak, and he got his bad boys to get the weak ones all together to tackle on the Q T some risky job that was hard to do. A kids' town like this should have some outlet for the badness of bad boys; it is such a good quality and makes such able men, one way or the other. And the criminal way is bad.

* * * *

Crime takes ability and character, successful crime, but it doesn't pay. No crime as a business or even as a profession pays. Everybody robs criminals: their pals, their attorneys, the "fences," the cops, the girls and the prison guards. It were better to steer the boys that seek risks into art, literature or science, where there is adventure and a field for originality and nerve, a wide field. Flying attracts young boys. A class in flying might save ours; physical not merely the spiritual flying that keeps their parents out of mischief.

* * * *

Hurricanes on the Atlantic Coast, tornadoes inland. Here on the Pacific Coast a heavy surf, it pounds away on the beach of Carmel. A storm somewhere on the Pacific Ocean. But ashore here only sunshine, cooled sunshine, no heat and no wind. Fortunate California, most fortunate Carmel, a place for the wise: for those wise enough to come here.

Experience consists in repeating our favorite mistakes.

* * * *

This was said in Carmel about A. R. Orage: "His system is an intuitive mirage."

* * * *

Insect pests each year reduce the agricultural output of the United States two billion dollars, and plant diseases caused by fungi and bacteria are only slightly less destructive.

* * * *

An international study of infantile paralysis is to be made by Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, and New York Universities and other institutions in this country and abroad.

* * * *

A Colorado firm is marketing Jerusalem artichokes in flakes like potato chips, artichoke jam, artichoke syrup, and relish, especially for diabetic patients who cannot eat sugar and starch.

JANE ADDAMS

By Anne Martin.

Jane Addams, international president of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, whose visit to Carmel in July will be long remembered, has been resting this last week at Los Gatos, after the strenuous work of the Women's Conference of the Pan-Pacific Union at Honolulu, over which she presided.

She says that the Pan-Pacific Union is developing into a sort of League of Nations of the Pacific Basin, and reports that the Conference, which was attended by delegates from China, Japan, the Phillipines, Samoa, Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand and the United States, with one delegate from Fiji, was a success; that the women came with clear-cut views as to what they wanted, and the conference marched on its own feet, ending with the appointment of a continuation committee to arrange the next conference two years hence.

The work was done under the leadership of women doctors, nurses, teachers and social workers of the different countries represented by means of round tables and plenary sessions, with the principles of "creative discussion" effectively applied. The subjects considered were health and education of women and children, women in industry and the professions, in social service and in government. The resolutions adopted urge that the continuation committee promote the following projects:

A correlated inquiry into costs and standards of living in Pacific countries with special reference to diet content.

A survey of health of women in industry in the Pacific Basin.

Research regarding electoral systems, women's place in political parties, legislation affecting women and children.

Influencing the governments of the Pacific Basin to carry out the recommendations of the League of Nations' report on traffic in women and children, including employment of women police and abolition of state regulative and of licensed houses.

That the League of Nations' experts on traffic in women and children investigate thoroughly those countries in the Pacific area not already examined.

To request Will H. Hays, Director of the U. S. Motion picture industry to confine the distribution of films in Pacific Countries to those that reflect the best and not the worst in life.

Through Miss Addams' opening address to the conference, runs the thread of her feminist belief, so firmly held, that civilization can only limp forward in a one-sided way until women are able to contribute effectively their special gifts.

Never run after a street car, a woman, a Ford, or, in Carmel, a prophet. There'll be another along in just a few minutes.

—H. D.

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Dinners every day

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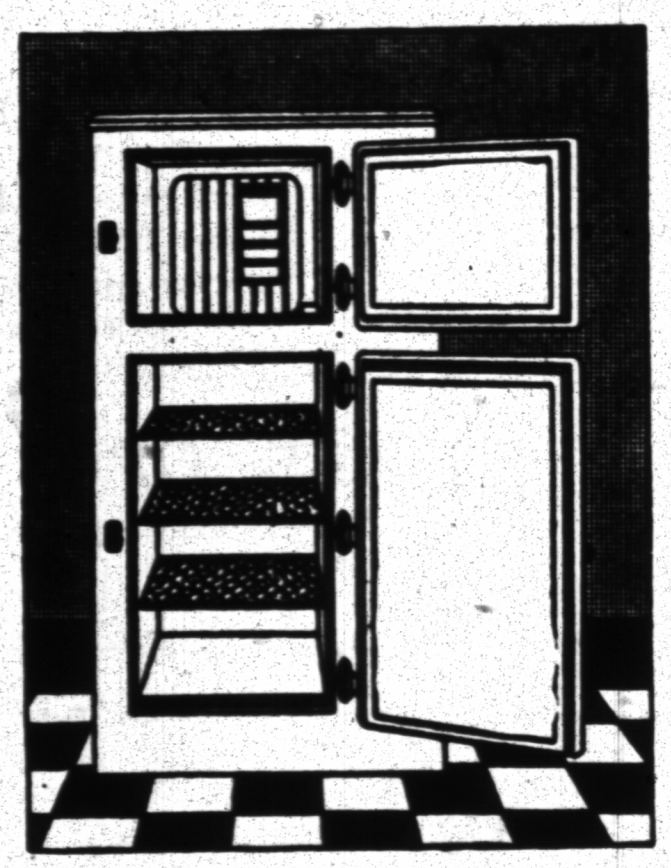

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Owned - Operated - Managed
by Californians

SAY YOU SAW IT IN THE CARMELITE.

SOME BITS OF MARK TWAIN HISTORY

Cyril Clemens, a cousin of Mark Twain, came through Carmel this week on his mission of establishing little Mark Twain societies in California. The idea of these societies is to arouse and keep up interest in Twain's books so that they shall not become "Classics" which the great humorist himself described as "books which everybody praises but nobody reads."

Mr. Clemens comes from Webster Grove, St. Louis, and has just begun this work out here. He is a lecturer and writer, and lectures on English literature. Just now he is writing a "Life of Mark Twain: his Western Career." In gathering material he has sought out old friends of the writer, William Gillis (also a friend of Fremont Older) and Bob Howland, the first Sheriff of Aurora, and a great friend of Twain's. It was Howland who sent that famous message to Governor Nye (the first governor of Nevada): "The town is quiet: in an hour six men will be hung." In Aurora also is an old cemetery where only people who met a violent death are buried. Only one family lives there now, though once this was a flourishing mining community.

It was at Aurora that Mark Twain and Howland lived in a cabin together—or rather starved together, for in "Roughing It" (written about this time) Mark Twain says he had one dime which he was so fond of that he wore it out looking at it. He was writing for the Virginia City Enterprise, a well-known paper.

The two impecunious pals were anxious to impress the neighbors, so they would throw empty chicken and oyster cans which they had first carefully collected from other back yards into their own back yard. They did not impress people long with their high living, however; folks got on to them and hid their empty cans, and one night one unfriendly gentleman shot a few shots into the air, which definitively discouraged the prowlers.

Samuel Clemens first employed Mark Twain as a pseudonym in Nevada. It was the custom then to write under a nom-de-plume; Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, John Phoenix all did it. Mark Twain means actually "two fathoms of water" and is a term used by the river boatmen. Twain had learned it when he was a pilot on the Mississippi, a job he carried on for three years, till the Civil War drove him West. (He has described those days in "Life on the Mississippi")

Many authors are members of the Mark Twain Societies which Cyril Clemens is working at, Rupert Hughes, Kathleen Norris, in California, Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Birkinhead, Wells and Chesterton among many others in England, Archbishop Henna of San Francisco, while the Honorary President is Premier Mussolini. It seems that Il Duce has always liked Mark Twain's writings.

Mr. Clemens has lately spoken to the British Overseas Club, the Ladies' Club of Oakland, the Daughters of California Pioneers, and several others. These have formed societies which will meet once a month to hear a talk on one of Mark Twain's books and express their opinions. Mr. Clemens himself will speak over KYA (Pacific Broadcasting Station) every week for the next month or more, at 4:30 p.m., giving a talk on a different book each time. The next will be on Tom Sawyer. He will live in Mayfield for a time and study early California history at the University.

If the whole life of Mark Twain is as interesting as the few short anecdotes Cyril Clemens had time to tell us, the book will be well worth reading.

Poems . . .

SUMMER'S END

Once more, O Halcyon, on your peaceful fields
There will be pointed shadows stretching thin
Under the gold and silent afternoon
Striping the stubble like a tiger's skin.

Once more the waning sunlight shall grow red
Through little windows in the eucalyptus trees
And the wood-pigeon with a sleepy sound
Shall voice his gentle music forth from these.

Over the tarweed blossoms and the sage
The wild bees on the wing-tracks of the air
Anxious with sleep and slow with honey homing,
Fear the wide evening shall outrace them there.

Tomorrow the wind, light-clear across the hill
Shall linger around the house when you are gone
And scatter the doorstep brown with unswept leaves
Missing a face it loved to blow upon.

—Dora Hagemeyer.

THE PROSTITUTE

An earwig, fat with sleep, crept out
Of a late awakened rose.
I woke her with a tear upon
Her darkened, crimson close.

Then the heart of the love-rose opened,
The red petals falling apart.
Scarred darkly, and rough and shrivelled
Was the rose's red, red heart.

—Ena Limebeer.

Follow yourselves and you will find me
Follow me and you will lose both yourselves and me.

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Books . . .

"BAMBI"
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By Felix Salten.

"Bambi" is an exquisite creation—an animal book direct in its appeal to all who are not "Homo Stultus," as Trader Horn would say. It is especially recommended by Galsworthy to sportsmen.

Bambi is a lovable creature; delightfully naive as a fawn, convincing as the buck lover, but above all, an intelligent and faithful friend to his sylvan companions.

The character of the old stag, called the Prince, is not likely to be forgotten, so powerful is its delineation. In fact, the whole story seems to rest on the shoulders of that old patriarch, infinitely wise and commanding.

Kurt Weise's illustrations are exceptionally good, done simply and cleverly, with an understanding of the humor and majesty of animal life.

The book is written with a smooth philosophical touch by a Viennese lover of nature. Chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club for its August offering, it may be recommended with much feeling to all.

—Teresa Lockridge.

WOODSIDE LIBRARY

The Woodside Library with its quiet charm and excellent selection of books, is back again under the old regime and Dora Hagemeyer assures us that plenty of new books are now available. Among the newest books already on hand are:—

Spider Boy.....Carl Van Vechten
A Mirror for Witches.....Esther Forbes
Sanine.....Michael Artzibashev
Dead Lovers are Faithful Lovers.....
.....Frances Newman
Red Rust.....Cornelia James Cannon
The Nuptials of Corbal....Rafael Sabatini
Swan Song.....John Galsworthy
Nomad's Land.....Mary Roberts Rinehart
European Skyways.....Lowell Thomas
The Dominant Sex.....Matilda and Mathias Værting
Trivial Breath.....Elinor Wylie

You can't tell people anything, you can only remind them of what they already know.

AN IMPRESSION BY A COCKNEY GIRL
The Rertrehaunt

Lil: Well, I went ter the curced plice. Yuss. And the Lord preserve me from goin agen, unless I've no money ter keep the wolf from the door, and then I must, so 'elp me. And that there Liz with 'er perky ways; there's no pleasing of 'er, bossin' everybody arrand.

Still I sez ter me Mother, "Gord bless yer Mother, it's one thing servin' 'igh-class lydies, but blow me if I thinks it funny ter wyte on the pynted 'uzzies that strolls in after dark, w'en orl respectable folks is in their beds. Yuss. It's 'ard on us pore gals, 'avin' ter earn a livin. And them black fellers in the kitchen. It 'aint no go avin ter rub elbers wiv 'em. It don't seem right ter me.

Then orlways 'avin ter smile, w'en it aint nat'ral. Avin' ter be perlite. Taint nat'ral, I tell yer. And orl them spoons and forks and knives. My, it must 'ave cost a fortun ter buy orl them things, and orl them pots and pans. I washed up until me 'ands were as soft as putty. I shan't never be able ter play the pianner no more, and then wot will me pore father say? 'E always counted on 'is Lil ter be the progeny of de family. I don't see 'ow I am going ter do it.

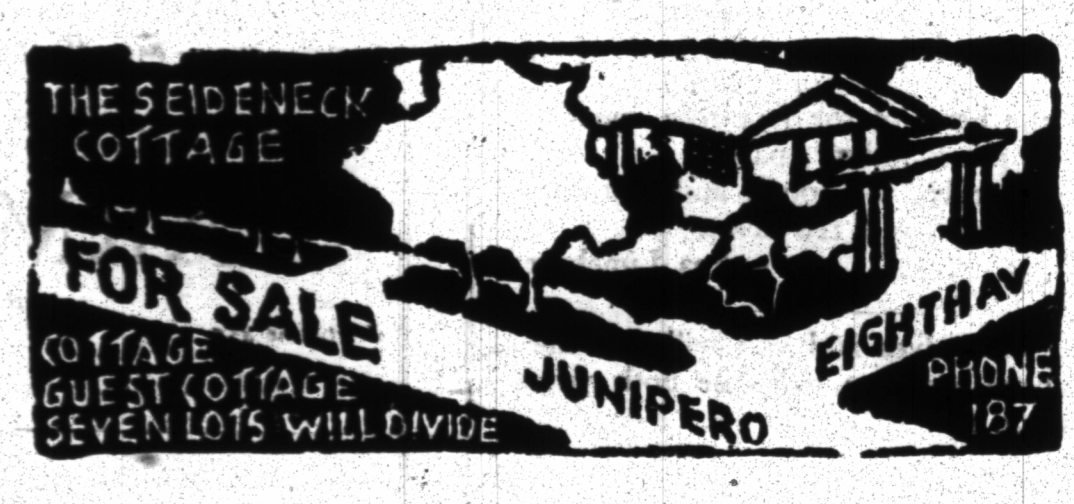
Then it's "Lil, 'urry up with them little teapots, I can't wait orl day." And orl the time I am slavin' me 'art out ter pervide everybody with everythink they wants, double quick time. Oh lor, it 'urts ter think wot I was brought up ter, so it does. Then one of them washin-up fellers as the imperdence ter ask me ter worlk art with 'im, and I up and answers 'im. "I've got me own feller, thank yer fer nothink. Go and arsk some poor girl wot aint got a feller." And 'e sez, "Orl right, Miss Uppish, shant arsk yer again." And 'e don't need ter, thank Gord.

—Ethel Williams Stevens.

GIFTS FOR THE LIBRARY

The Harrison Memorial Library has received two gifts of money for its book fund. They come from Mrs. S. W. Forsman of Pebble Beach, and W. B. Swain of Marysville. The money will be spent for new fiction.

Honesty is the best policy, but he who is an honest man for that reason is not an honest man. —Archbishop Whately.



The Arts . . .

A LITTLE THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Roger Sturtevant came back from a recent visit to San Francisco full of enthusiasm for a production he had seen under way by the Temple Players (the young people of Rabbi Newman's Temple Emanu-el). In New York The Dybbuk was put on in Yiddish, but these young people are to act it in English, albeit under the direction of Semach, the Director of the Moscow Yiddish Art Theatre. "Semach is a marvel," said Sturtevant, "It is unbelievable what he is accomplishing, with practically no knowledge of the language. He beat time to the rhythm of the words with his chair." He said it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen—merely the rehearsal—it was like music.

"And those kids go there every night and rehearse for hours, people from some of the wealthiest families in San Francisco among them—people who don't have to. Their enthusiasm and that of their Director was positively inspiring."

Stanley Wood is shortly to have three exhibitions. One in New York, one in Honolulu and one in San Francisco.

* * * *

Two of Paul Whitman's etchings have recently been sold, by the Carmel Art Gallery, "Barnyard" and "Cannery Piles," both to San Franciscans. Whitman has been studying with Armin Hansen.

* * * *

The Los Angeles Times had a fine article about Jessie Arms Botke, written by Arthur Miller. He tells how her bird world, those peacocks and parrots and geese and pelicans which give such brilliant decorative effects wherever they are hung, grew out of her experience as a tapestry designer. She made cartoons for the Herter looms in New York for four years, work which needed great precision of drawing and good design. She has now an exhibition which has been touring the museums of the country.

Incidentally Mrs. Botke told an amusing story last time she was in Carmel. A theatre in Los Angeles had commissioned her to do a curtain—a nine foot drop, and they wanted painted on it one of the peacocks for which Jessie Arms is so justly famous. They had given her the commission because noone can do peacocks as she can.

But somebody objected. The peacock is an unlucky bird. It would not do to have a creature of ill-omen on a theatre drop. So Mrs. Botke was asked to change the peacock into a sort of mystical Chinese phoenix.

It sounds like Hollywood, which buys a title for a great many shekels and has a screen story written to fit the title and alters the story till it no longer fits the title and then changes the title.

"The Play's the Thing"

but after the play

THE GOSSIP

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ENDEMICS—PROPHETS WITHOUT HONOR

By Lester Rowntree

Perhaps there is no other section of the world containing among its plant life, so many narrow endemics (plants that are native just here and no where else) than the Monterey Peninsula and its adjacent territory.

According to W. L. Jepson this endemic population consists partly of trees or plants which are relicts continuing to grow in locally favorable spots, left-overs barely hanging on to old accustomed places, and of newcomers which have recently (one longs to know how) originated and are still wondering whether or not they like their new surroundings.

To the former group belong the familiar and beloved Monterey Cypress, the still more familiar, tho' possibly less loved, Monterey Pine and the Gowan cypress. This delightful shrubby tree is one of the least known treasures of our immediate section, found only in two or three places, and at present so unappreciated that there is grave danger of its complete eradication.

There is a generous stand close to Carmel Highlands which expresses a mute invitation to some generous person or group of persons to save it from the inevitable devastations of the subdivider and preserve for posterity a choice native found nowhere else in the world.

It is probably only because the Gowan cypress is carried by so few nurserymen that the foremost landscape architects of the coast are not using it more freely in their plantings. The same holds true of the two endemic dwarf manzanitas (a pumila and hookeri) and the beautiful dwarf lilacs that clothe the sandy stretches around Marina.

Perhaps some day the trying experience of a rich and ignorant Easterner will be duplicated on one of our newly opened subdivisions. The gentleman in question bought much land along the Massachusetts coast and, at great expense and labor, had the dunes and sandy slopes cleared of all the bear berry, that had for centuries covered these waste places, and had them made "nice and neat." Then he called in a noted landscape architect who drew up plans of an extensive planting of ARCTOSTAPHYLOS UVA-URSI, a plant just coming into use, costly and carried by the most exclusive nurseries. When the owner came to view and gloat over his recently improved holdings he found only bear berries, new and nursery-grown bear berries, but unmistakably the same plant that so recently he had had uprooted from its native heath.

The colonies of light blue coast iris growing on the road to the Highlands which in spring are so heavily raided and stripped of their bloom, are some of a few scattered stands of this rare iris which is found nowhere else but along the coast between here and San Francisco.

Going a little further afield, we find the Santa Lucia fir "the most remarkable fir tree in the world," confined to the Santa Lucia mountains. Geographically it is completely isolated, no other fir being found near it for over a hundred miles. It is a magnificent subject for planting along the rocky ridges or in the canyons of the sheltered Carmel valley.

The Eanottus (Ceanothus) family contains four species found only between the Monterey Peninsula and San Francisco and about as far north of San Francisco among the smaller plants there are many just as isolated.

We Carmelites like to think that our reputation for recognition of beauty and a sense of the fitness of things is well founded. By the appreciation and discriminate planting of our choicest endemics we will take advantage of a rare opportunity and continue to perpetuate the riches bestowed by nature on the Monterey Peninsula.

OLYMPIC GAMES AND PEACE

California is now preparing for the year 1932, which will rival 1915 in international interest, with its Tenth Modern Olympiad, at which some 12,000 athletes will compete, representing about fifty nations.

The programs of competitive games will require about eight months to complete. Competition in all the arts will be a feature on a larger scale than at any time since the ancient Grecian games.

An Atheneum will be erected next year on the campus of the California Institute of Technology, and the Palace of Fine Arts at San Francisco will probably also serve as a centre.

So we may expect another 12,000, exponents of the seven arts, and all with their attending multitude of side-liners.

* * * *

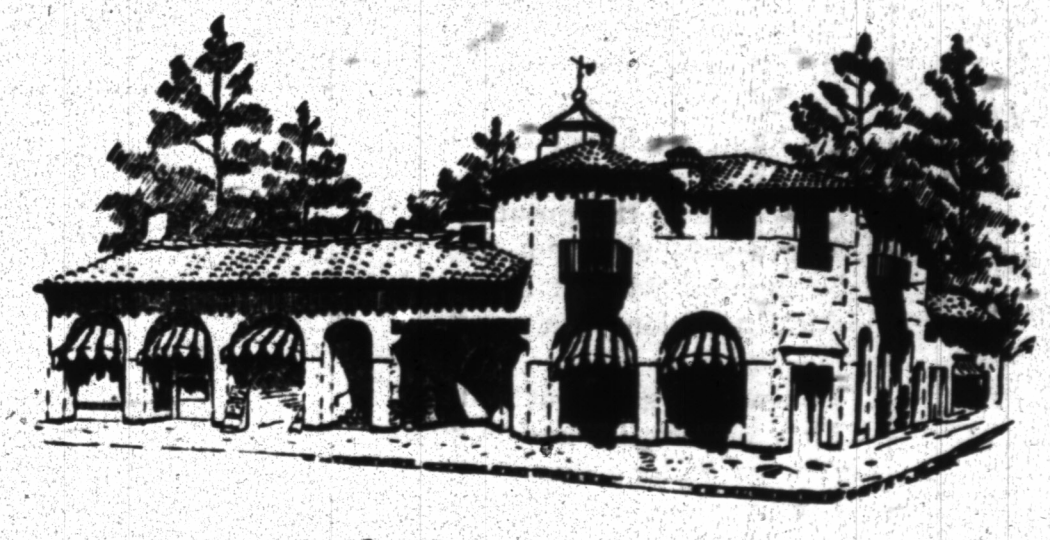
A news item should not be provocative of another story, but somehow Frazer's discovery in his "Golden Bough," that "the ideas of mankind have been few" is confirmed in the similarity of our present experiments in peace, to those of ancient Greece.

The Olympic games established 776 B. C. were neutral ground for the contestants from the rival City-States for nearly a thousand years, except during the devastating wars.

These City-States had also a league of states, treaties of alliance, peace treaties, and a Delphic league to protect the Shrine and secure peace at the time of religious festivals.

Of all these the Olympian games, held every four years, was the most important link of Hellenic union, and yet despite their apparent will to peace, these City-States nearly destroyed each other by their internecine wars.

Will someone kindly suggest some new Peace Idea? —G. B.



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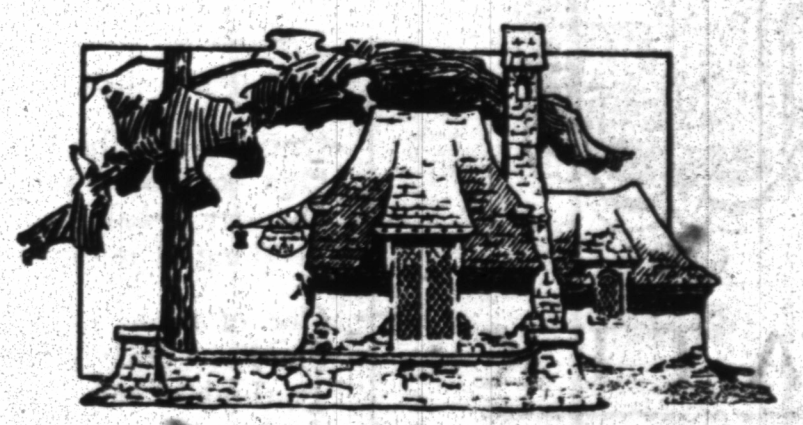

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MONOLOGUE D'OUTRE TOMBE

Morn and noon and night,
Here I lie in the ground;
No faintest glimmer of light,
No lightest whisper of sound.

Here I lie in the ground;
The worms glide out and in;
No lightest whisper of sound,
After a lifelong din.

The worms glide out and in;
They are fruitful and multiply;
After a lifelong din
I watch them quietly.

They are fruitful and multiply,
My body dwindles the while;
I watch them quietly;
I can scarce forbear a smile.

My body dwindles the while,
I shall soon be a skeleton;
I can scarce forbear a smile,
They have had such glorious fun.

I shall soon be a skeleton,
The worms are wriggling away;
They have had such glorious fun,
They will fertilize my clay.

The worms are wriggling away,
They are what I have been;
They will fertilize my clay;
The grass will grow more green.

They are what I have been.
I shall change, but what of that?
The grass will grow more green,
The parson's sheep grow fat.

I shall change, but what of that?
All flesh is grass, one says.
The parson's sheep grow fat,
The parson grows in grace.

All flesh is grass, one says;
Grass becomes flesh, one knows;
The parson grows in grace:
I am the grace he grows.

Grass becomes flesh, one knows.
He grows like a bull of Bashan.
I am the grace he grows;
I startle his congregation.

He grows like a bull of Bashan,
One day he'll be Bishop or Dean.
I startle his congregation;
One day I shall preach to the Queen.

One day he'll be Bishop or Dean,
One of those science-haters;
One day I shall preach to the Queen.
To thing of my going in gaiters!

One of those science-haters,
Blind as a mole or bat;
To think of my going in gaiters,
And wearing a shovel hat!

Blind as a mole or bat,
No faintest glimmer of light,
And wearing a shovel hat,
Morning and noon and night.

—From: Love in Idleness (1883).

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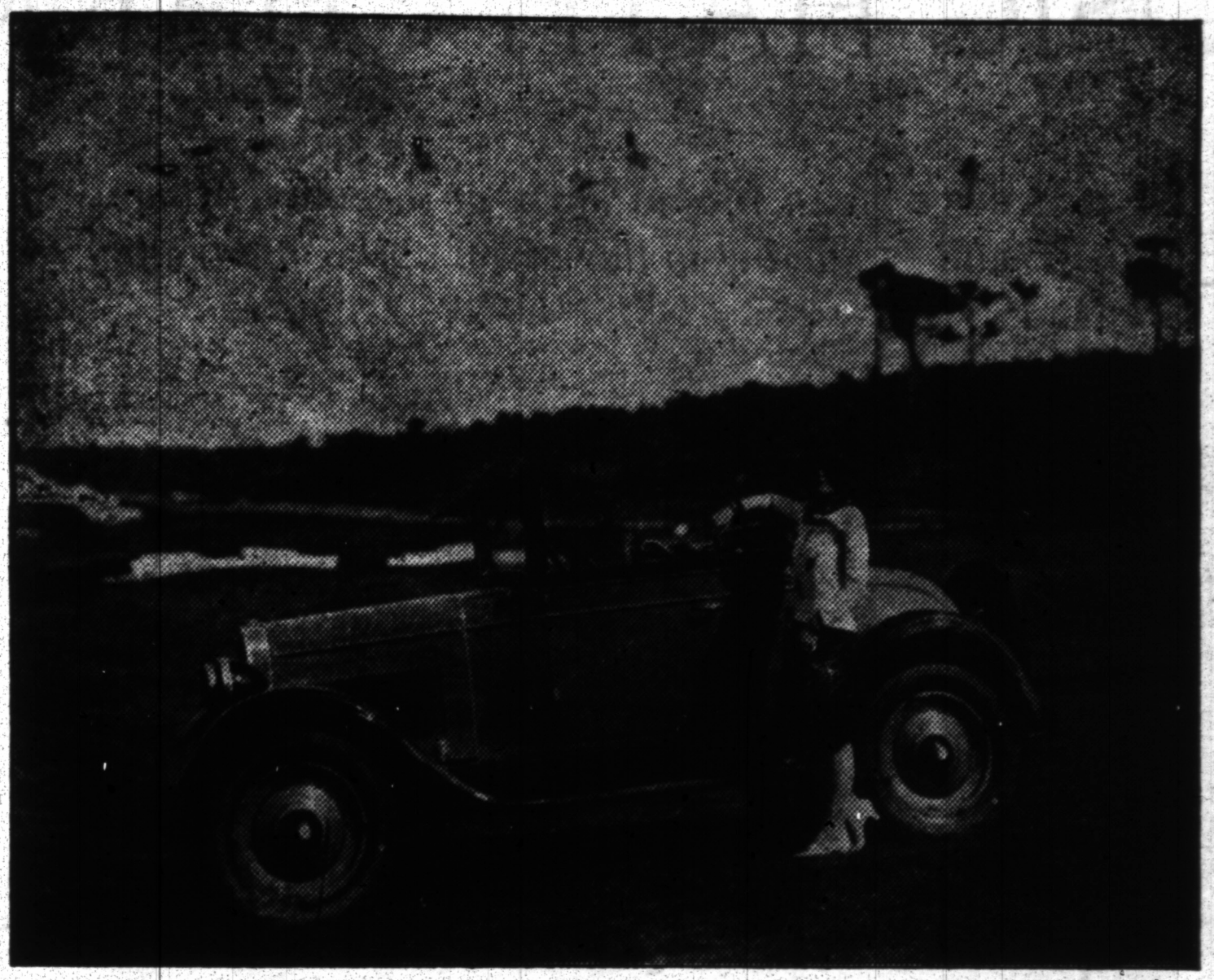
CORRECTION!

For those keeping the Carmelite on file, the number of the last issue should have been 32, not 30 as erroneously printed.

Chevrolet Convertible Cabriolet Popular Country Club Car



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